

Title: Rune Artisem Vol II

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I found this strange, and pushed it into the back of my mind. Thirty years passed after that. I had been living in this tower, focusing more than ever on the art of Necromancy. It was then that a messenger arrived informing me about the death of a former council member. I met with my old comrades, and noticed an unusual amount of fear in them. The member that had died, did so as the witch told him so thirty years prior. During the next two years, many deaths of the former Council members occurred, as the witch had said. For the first time, I was fearful of the future. Not the fact that I would be dead, but the fact that all my knowledge and work on Necromancy would be lost. To prevent this, I began research on a ritual in which my knowledge may live on. That ritual will now conclude its self tonight." Monric said."How? Why me?" I asked in amazement."Do you not hate Lord British and his government?""Yes." I replied"Do you not feel

that the people in this realm are weak and disgusting?""Yes." I replied. Monric smiled. "Very rare is there a child such as you. This flask contains a necromatic potion with the blood of your slain friends." With saying that, Mordic took a knife and slashed his own arm. I then saw him pour his own blood into the potion. He then muttered some magic words and the potion began to glow an eerie green. "It is complete. Take this potion and drink it. Your current memory shall remain intact, but it shall be that of a bad dream. "With saying that he handed me the potion, but failed to release it. It was then that he said with a cold voice "Seek out the Order of the Ebon Skull... The will help you realize your true power and purpose." With saying that, I nervously drank the potion. After drinking the vile tasting substance, I felt the same. No change had happened. Seeing the surprised look on my face, Monric smirked and said "The potion shall not take effect until after my death. It is now time that you go... The Order Knights shall be here within the hours, and this entire tower shall be burnt to the ground. I have made arrangement for ye to stay at The Scholar's

Inn. Go there and sleep, for when ye awake ye will be changed."

Before I could do or say anything, Monric had opened a gate and pushed me in. I went into the inn, and told the innkeeper who I was. Apparently Monric had already paid him in advance. I went to my room and climbed into bed. When I awoke, I was changed. The ancient knowledge of Necromancy was mine, as was so much more knowledge.

I stood up, feeling renewed and recreated. Within a second, I had teleported to the sire of Monric's tower. The entire tower lay in ruin, Monric's corpse lay on the ground near the steps. I walked up to his corpse and with a simple wave of my hand I had revived him. He looked very surprised to see he was back in the land of the living. "I thank ye for this lovely gift. Now return to whatever hell awaits you." And with saying that I proceed to destroy Monric's very body with powerful magic. "I shall find this Order of the Ebon Skull, and when I do... Lord British, his government and his beloved Virtues shall